

# BOER PRISONERS OFF AMERICA'S COAST

Are Quartered Opposite Hamilton, Bermuda.

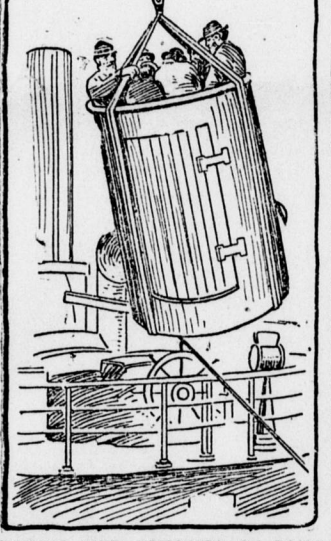
THE 2300 Boer prisoners in Bermuda are quartered on Tucker's and Morgan islands, in Great Sound, opposite the city of Hamilton, writes a correspondent of the New York World. The entire area of the isles on which these men and their guard will be encamped is less than thirty acres.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE BERMUDA ISLANDS, WHERE THE BRITISH ARE SENDING BOER PRISONERS. THE LONG, NARROW ISLAND IN THE CENTRE IS DARRELL'S ISLAND, WHERE THE FIRST DETACHMENT WAS SENT. OPPOSITE THIS IS TUCKER'S ISLAND, WHERE THE HOSPITALS ARE STATIONED. TUCKER'S ISLAND IS THE SMALL ONE AT EXTREME LEFT IN BACKGROUND.

the glare of the tropic sea. Its rocky surface is covered with a thin soil on which grows a coarse grass and a few scrubby cedars. Darrell's is distant about 600 yards from the main island and is surrounded by the bright shallow waters of the sound. Across this island is a strong iron fence, to the east of it is the Boer camp, composed of ten rows of tents, set as closely together as possible. Here and on a tiny island, Burt's one acre, to the north, are huddled together like sheep in a pen some 230 prisoners of war, eighteen of whom are officers.

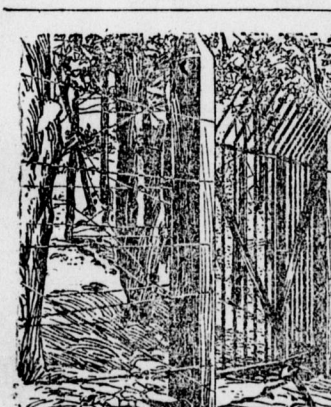
The sick have been placed on another small island, Port's, on which a convalescent tent and hospital for their accommodation is being built.



PUTTING BOER PRISONERS ON BOARD SHIP AT PORT NATAL.

It has been very hot and dry for weeks, and no provision has yet been made for an ample supply of fresh water. A condensing machine was sent out from England, but it is useless so far, because an important part of the machinery was left behind.

There are no wells in Bermuda. All the water used on the main island is rain water caught in huge cisterns, and the supply is low, owing to the drought. Their cooking places are still incomplete.



HOW THE PRISONERS ARE FENCED IN ON DARRELL'S ISLAND. A THICK NETWORK OF BARBED WIRE OFFERS UNCOMFORTABLE RESISTANCE TO ESCAPING BOERS.

American and by the winter visits of Americans to an American hotel. The inhabitants of the islands mostly seem to believe that a Boer is a mixture of pirate and cannibal

with a dash of wildcat thrown in. New rifles can now be found in private possession among the colonists to defend their household if one of the Boers get loose!

A Boer prisoner amused himself by making a toy, a little box, and threw it to a resident who rowed past the camp in his boat. The lid of the box slid back and showed a snake's head with a pin for a tongue. The Bermudan keeps it as a relic of war, but with the greatest care, not allowing any one to touch it, as he thinks the pin is probably poisoned.

Precautions are taken to guard the prisoners as if they were dangerous wild beasts instead of unarmed gray-haired old farmers, some of them nearly eighty years of age, kindly fathers of families, three with grandchildren with them, little boys under twelve years of age.

A gunboat lies on either side, and not far away are the batteries of

one of Great Britain's greatest dockyards, all pointed day and night at that helpless camp. Since the escape of David du Ploy a powerful searchlight has swept the camp from time to time during the night to prevent further escapes.

Two prisoners did swim to the shore of the main island lately, diving under the water to avoid the searchlights, only to be caught by the negro soldiers.

A reward is offered for information concerning any runaway, and all persons are warned that a severe punishment awaits any person who fails to inform the nearest English officer or magistrate of the whereabouts of an escaped Boer.

Along the shore of Warwick Parish a sentinel paces, watching the Boers, ready to alarm the camp of negro soldiers just over the hill.

On a few small sun-baked isles within 700 miles of New York Bay 3000 men will soon be sweltering in the August sun. There are only about 5000 white inhabitants in Bermuda. There are 10,000 colored subjects of King Edward. Books, papers, food can be sent to the Boer prisoners of war, but nobody may go to speak to them. They are incommunicado, shut off from sound of a voice of sympathy.

**Fashions For Dynamite Workers.**

In factories where gunpowder and the modern high explosives are made the greatest precautions against accident are taken.

Not only are the buildings so constructed as to minimize the danger of explosion, but the dress of the workmen is also regulated by the management.

All workers in smokeless or nitro powder and other high explosives wear rubber aprons and sleeves. Another safety appliance is the aluminum helmet, which causes the simian appearance of the men in the picture. The object of this queer costume is to protect the man from splashes of acids



and other chemicals. The tongs carried by one of the men are made of aluminum and are used for making gun-cotton from its bath of nitric acid, which has no effect upon aluminum.



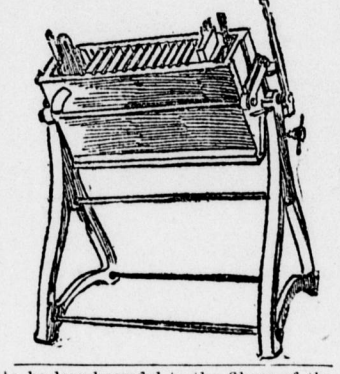
English Usages About Spurs.

Lord Grey de Ruthyn claims the right to carry the sovereign's golden spurs. A Field Marshal wears gilt spurs, and mounted officers of other services wear steel spurs, except in mess dress. A victorious South African general has been presented by his many admirers with a pair of gold spurs. He will never be able to wear them in uniform.—London News.

## BLEACHING PROCESS.

Attention Called to a Modification of the Salt Water Method.

The production of a bleaching and disinfecting liquor by the electrolysis of salt water is a thoroughly well understood commercial process. Some years ago it was tried on a large scale for the disinfection of the garbage refuse of New York City, but for some reason was never followed up. Consular Agent Harris, of Elbenstock, Germany, sends the following illustration and information in regard to a modification of this principle for the use of textile manufacturers, laundries and others, requiring chloride of lime for bleaching or disinfecting purposes, such as laundries, hospitals, etc. In this device the production of the bleaching liquor is continuous as long as desired, and the current for its operation can be taken from the ordinary house mains. The apparatus consists of a box of slate, swung on trunnions, with an inlet for the brine and an outlet for the sodium hypochlorite, which is the active chemical bleacher. The current passes in at one end of the box, and passing between the poles or electrodes at opposite ends, traverses the solution of brine, disintegrating it and producing the bleaching solution. It is asserted that the bleaching liquor is suitable for bleaching raw cotton, yarns, jute of flax, paper, clothes, etc. For use in laundries the apparatus is somewhat modified in form and attached to the washing tubs. This solution is claimed



to be less harmful to the fibres of the threads than the usual bleaching powders, goods bleached by electrolytic means here described losing only two per cent, against some eight per cent, for chloride of lime bleach. The rapidity of the bleaching operation is also somewhat increased.

## Filipino Letter Carriers.

The queerest mail carriers in the United States postal service are the Igorrote Indians of the Philippine Islands, which are shown in the accompanying photograph.

The Postmaster-General at Washington may make all the rules he pleases about shirt waists and other proper uniforms for United States mail carriers, but the Igorrotes will disregard them all. Their idea of a uniform is a breechcloth, and nothing can change that notion.

It must be admitted that this costume shows off their figures to good advantage. The Igorrotes, though small, are well proportioned men, and their muscles are firm as a professional athlete's.

These couriers carry mail from Dagupan to Bagio, Benguet Province, the round trip being one hundred miles for \$1, and consider themselves making good money at that. Their principal diet is rice and fish, and though it may sound somewhat strange "dog" is their chief luxury.

In leaving Dagupan it is no unusual sight to see them each with from eight to a dozen dogs. They pay twenty-five to forty centavos for each dog, according to his size and condition. They travel naked through



POSTMASTER KINGSMORE AND TWO OF HIS MAIL CARRIERS.

the burning sunshine of Luzon with much more comfort than an American with umbrella and fan. Their skin is almost as tough as that of a caribou, and their feet have never known what shoes are.

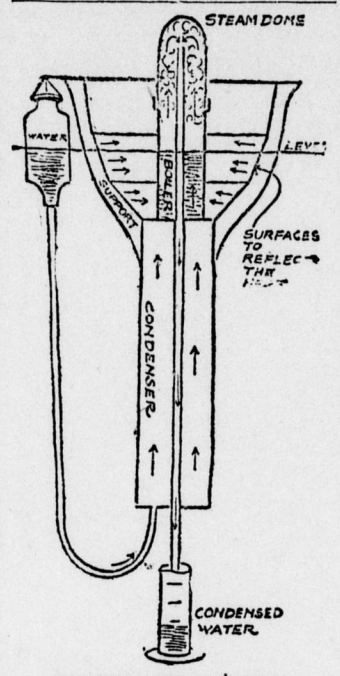
"They are perfectly trustworthy," says Postmaster Kingsmore, of Dagupan, "more so than the average Filipino, and among all I have ever seen not one was a beggar."

A specially trained sanitary troop lately drilling near Berlin has transformed cars of different kinds into hospital cars with berths for sick or wounded in from three and one-half to five minutes per car.

## MEASURING THE SUN'S HEAT.

The Immense Work Done by the Rays on the Earth's Surface.

Every school boy knows that rain is produced by the sun evaporating the water from the sea and the reprecipitation of this water. But let him ask



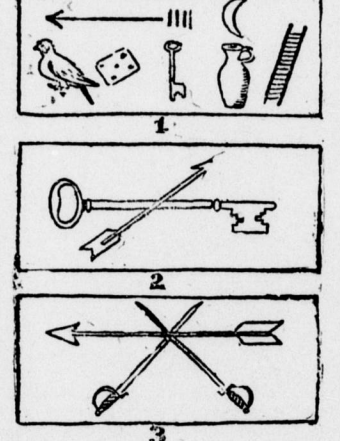
MEASURING THE SUN'S HEAT

his teacher at what rate this evaporation takes place and few will be able to answer. In order to study the force of the sun Professor Buchanan has, according to Nature, devised what he calls a "Solar Calorimeter." By means of this apparatus the sun's rays are concentrated by a reflector upon the surface of a silver tube in which is water, the area of all parts being accurately measured. Now the heat from the sun changes the water in the silver boiler to steam and this is condensed by a suitable arrangement and measured. Thus by noting the time required, the area of the various surfaces and the amount of water changed to steam the sun's heat can be calculated.

Observations made at Sohag in Egypt showed that the sun could evaporate to steam more than seventeen and a half cubic centimeters of water per square meter of surface per minute. No allowance has been made for instrumental imperfections. They certainly exist and by making suitable corrections we find the force of the sun per square meter to be equal to about one horse-power. By making suitable calculations the author reckons that each meter of the sun's surface emits 45,000 horse-power per minute.

## Signs Used by English Burglars.

Should you, while taking your morning or evening stroll around your house, notice any of these drawings, or any chalk marks in the least resembling them, on your garden wall or the walls of your house, says Answers,



MARKS USED BY ENGLISH HOUSEBREAKER

notify the police. These signs are in common use among housebreakers and tramps and thieves, each having its special significance.

Thus Fig. 1 means: Following the point of the arrow, the fourth house in the direction given is to be burgled during the night of the next moon crescent.

The tools needed for the burglary are indicated in the second line. A bird (lantern), die (hammer), key (pitcher (chloroform)), and ladder.

Fig. 2, a key crossed by an arrow means that a free-lance tramp has been reconnoitering and desires assistance; also that it would not be amiss to visit the place at night, when in all probability a valuable acquaintance may be formed.

Fig. 3, two swords crossed, with an arrow running through, signifies the direction a certain troop of tramps or gypsies have taken.

## Fashions For Equines.



HATS WORN BY PHILADELPHIA HORSE DURING THE HOT SPELL.

Better be there than wear a queen's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. Your abode may be humble, but you can by your faith in God and your cheerfulness of demeanor give it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled.

## DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: Woman's Sphere—She Should Rule as a Queen in the Home—Its Value as a Field of Usefulness—The Mother's Influence on the Nation's Life (Copyright 1901.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage extols home as a field of usefulness and especially encourages wives and mothers; text, Genesis i, 27, "Male and female created He them."

In other words, God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work and to move in particular spheres, man to be regnant in his realm, woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine. So earnestly did the fields to which God called them that you no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds, but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection against affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's word against a woman's word?

You come out with the stereotyped remark that man is superior to woman in intellect, and then open on my desk the swarthy, iron-typed, thunder-bolted writings of Harriet Martineau and Elizabeth Browning and George Eliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection, but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John, the disciple, and Robert McCheyne, the Scotchman, and John Summerfield, the Methodist, and Henry Martyn, the missionary? The heart of those men was so large that after you had rolled in the hemispheres there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven and set up the throne intellectual. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human phraseology will ever define the spheres, while there is an intuition by which woman and when a man is in her realm and when either of them is out of it. No bungling legislation ought to attempt to make a definition or to say, "This is the line and that is the line."

My theory is that if woman wants to vote she ought to vote, and that if a man wants to embroider and keep house, there are effeminate men. My theory is that you have no right to interfere with any one's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislation how high a brown taroel should fly or how deep a trout should plunge as to try to seek out the height or the depth of woman's duty. The question of capacity will settle finally the whole question, the whole subject. When a woman is prepared to preach she should preach, and neither conference nor presbytery can hinder her. When a woman is prepared to move in highest commercial spheres, she will have great influence on the exchange, and no boards of trade can hinder her. I want woman to understand that heart and brain can overflow; barrier that politicians may set up, and that nothing can keep her back or keep her down but the question of capacity.

I know there are women of most undesirable nature who wander up and down the country, having no homes of their own or forsaking their own homes, talking about their rights, and we know very well that they themselves are fit neither to vote nor fit to keep house. The mission seems to be to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one would want to live under the laws that such women would enact or to have cast upon society the children that such women would raise. But I will show you that the best rights that woman can own she already has in her possession, that her position in this country at this time is not one of commiseration, but one of congratulation; that the grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been appreciated, that she sits to-day on a throne so high that all the thrones of earth piled on top of each other would not make her a footstool. Here is the platform on which she stands. Away down below it are the ballot box and the Congressional assembly and the legislative hall.

Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our great-grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the Presidential chair. No, His mother, by the principles she taught him and by the habits she inculcated, made him President. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote, and Newton philosophized, and Alfred the Great governed, and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come. How many men there have been in high political station who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put had it not been for a wife's vote that encouraged them to do right and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship! Why, my friends, the right of suffrage as we men exercise it seems to be a feeble thing. You, a Christian man, come up to the ballot box, and you drop your vote. Eight after you comes a libertine or a sot, the offscouring of the street, and he drops his vote, and his vote counteracts yours. But if in the quiet of home life a daughter by her mother's example, a wife by her own, try, a mother by her faithfulness, casts a vote in the right direction then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will thrill through the eternities.

My chief anxiety, then, is not that you should have other rights accorded you, but that she by the grace of God rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already possesses. I shall only have time to speak of one grand and all absorbing right that every woman has, and that is to make home happy. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and they carry a comparatively little while, but she all day long governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in this world. You know as well as I do that this outside world and the business world is a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it; the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses. Gains. Misrepresentations. Gouging. Under-selling. Buyers depreciating; salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Gold diggers. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in. Ships, tumbles. Defalcations. Panics. Catastrophes. O woman, thank God you have a home and that you may be queen in it!

Better be there than wear a queen's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. Your abode may be humble, but you can by your faith in God and your cheerfulness of demeanor give it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled.

There are abodes in the city—humble, two stories, four plain unpapered rooms, undesirable neighborhoods—and yet there is a man here to-day who would die on the threshold rather than surrender it. Why? It is home. Whenever he thinks of it he sees angels of God hovering around it. The ladders of heaven are let down to this

house. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantings of angels, as those that sounded over Bethlehem. It is home.

These children may come up after awhile, and they may win high position, and they may have an affluent residence, but they will not come and they will forget that humble roof under which their father rested and their mother sang and their sisters played.

Oh, if you would gather up all tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquetings and reunions, all friendliness, paternal and conjugal affections, and you had only just four letters to spell out that height and depth and length and breadth and magnitude and eternity of meaning, you would, with streaming eyes and trembling voice and agitated hand, write it out in those four living capitals, H-O-M-E!

What right does woman want that is grander than to be queen in such a realm? Why, the eagles of heaven cannot fly across the mountain. Herons, panting and with lathered flanks, are not swift enough to run to the outpost of that realm. They say that the sun never sets on the British empire, but I have to tell you that on this realm of woman's influence eternity never marks any bound.

Isabella fled from the Spanish throne, pursued by the nation's anathema, but she who is queen in a home will never lose her throne, and death itself will only be the annexation of heavenly principalities. When you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you do not think of Catherine of Russia or of Anne of England or Maria Theresa of Austria, but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table or walked with him arm in arm down life's pathway, sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together, soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle or at the spinning wheel and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then at last on that day when she lay in the back room and you saw her take those thin hands with which she toiled for you so long and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to God whom she had taught you to trust—oh, she was the queen! The chariots of God came to get your grandest idea of a queen, she was the queen. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap, and if you could bring her back and speak just once more your name as tenderly as she used to speak it you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying, "Mother, mother, she was the queen, she was the queen."

Now, can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot box? Compared with this work of training kings and queens for God and eternity, how insignificant seems all this work of voting for aldermen and common councilmen and sheriffs and constables and mayors and presidents! To make one such grand woman as I have described how many thousands would you want of those people who go in the round of selfishness and fashion and dissipation, distorting their bodies and going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go so as not to be arrested of the police, their behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature of the vicious, and a mockery that God who made them women and not gorgons, and tramping on down through a frivolous and dissipated life to temporal and eternal destruction?

O woman, with the lightning of your soul strike dead at your feet all these attainments to dissipation and to fashion! Your immortal soul cannot be fed upon such garbage. God calls you up to empire and dominion. Will you have it? Oh, give to God your heart, give to God your best energies, give to God your culture, give to God all your refinement, give yourself to Him for this world and the next!

Soon all these bright eyes will be quenched and these voices will be hushed. For the last time you will look upon this fair earth. Father's hand, mother's hand, sister's hand, child's hand, will be no more in yours. It will be night, and there will come up a cold wind from the Jordan, and you must start. Will it be a lone woman on a trackless sea, or will Jesus will come up in that hour and offer His hand, and He will say, "You stood by Me when you were well, now I will not desert you when you are sick." One wave of His hand and the storm will drop; another wave of His hand, and you shall shall break into midnoon, and another wave of His hand and the chamberlains of God will come down from the treasure houses of heaven with robes lustrous, blood washed and heaven gilded, in which you will array yourself for the marriage supper of the Lamb. And then with Miriam, who struck the timbrel by the Red Sea, and with Deborah, who led the Lord's host into the fight, and with Hannah, who gave her Samuel to the Lord, and with Mary, who rocked and nursed while there were angels singing in the air, and with Florence Nightingale, who bound up the battle wounds of the Crimea, you will from the chalice of God drink to the soul's eternal rescue.

One twilight after I had been playing with the children for some time I lay down on the lounge to rest, and, half asleep and half awake, I seemed to dream this dream: It seemed to me that I was in a far distant land, Persia, although more Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities; nor the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around, looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them. And I walked forth and I saw the sun rise, and I said, "When will it set again?" And the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said, "When will they put on workingman's garb again and delve in the mine and sweater at the forge?" But neither the garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandered in the suburbs and I said, "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" And I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles and towers and battlements, but not a mausoleum nor monument nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town and I said, "Where do the poor worship? Where are the benches on which they sit?" And a voice answered, "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out, seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute, and I found none of amber and ivory and gold, but no tear did I see or sigh hear.

I was bewildered, and I sat under the shadow of a great tree, and I said, "What am I and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery path and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group, and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them, but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen I bowed, a stranger to strangers. But after awhile, when they clasped hands and shouted, "Welcome, welcome!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that that time had passed and that eternity had come. God had gathered us up into a higher home, and I said, "Are all here?" And the voices of innumerable generations answered, "All here." And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were in our hands and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome we began to laugh and sing and leap and shout, "Home, home, home!"